Weekly Museum.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 1—VOL. XVI. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1804. NO. 782.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.

AN HISTORICAL LEGEND.

ABOUT the year 1192, when Richard of England was laying siege to Ascaloo, his attention was frequently arrested by a stripling, who fought with amazing intrepidity by the side of the heroic Earl of Albany. He conducted all his movements with the deliberate courage of a veteran, though the appearance of his person evinced he had not yet attained the age of manhood.

Richard, who was himself a true votary of Bellona, never failed to call forth into notice, and to reward with favor, the martial spirit of his soldiers: no sooner, therefore, was he in possession of Ascalon, than he enquired of Lord Albany after the youth who had displayed such singular bravery before its walls. Lord Albany replied, that he was a youth whom a dying soldier had committed to his care; that the youth (whom we shall call Edgar) considered himself only as the son of a vassal, whose fortunes he followed when that vassal was summoned to attend his chief to the holy war. "I found him," continued the Earl, "busied in the pious office of consoling the last moments of his reputed parent. Chance had conducted me to their tent, and the dying soldier instantly recognized me, and blest heaven for my providential arrival. "My Lord," said he, "I am dying." A priest, who stood beside him exclaimed, "Thy pious labors, beloved brother, will be attested by a sainted choir; and no doubt but they have prepared for thee a residence in the abode of the blessed." "I die in hope," exclaimed the soldier:—"but that boy—" "And what of him?" said Lord Albany. "Is not my son." "Whose then?" exclaimed the Earl,. "Alas!" replied the dying man, "the tale is long, and my time is short. Will your Lordship, to ease all the terror that death inspires me with, condescend to take him under your protection?" The Earl assented. "Take him, with you, my Lord, to England, and let him enquire for Father Thomas, at the Monastery of Black Cannons, in Anglewood Forest: tell him he comes from Bernardine, his brother; and bid him put him in a way to regain his fortunes, if he———." A convulsion followed; death arrested the sentence, and the soldier spoke no more. Lord Albany, true to his trust, took Edgar to his own tent; informed his mind, at leisure times, in the learning of the age, and instructed him in the art of war.

Edgar was wise beyond his years, brave, and generous; he felt most forcibly the endearing kindness of his patron, and strove to repay him by every method which gratitude could devise. He fought by his side, and had more than once warded the blow which was levelled at the life of his more than parent; but never was his courage so conspicuous, or his conduct so entirely martial, as at the siege of Ascalon, where we have before observed he attracted the notice of his sovereign.

"Tell him," said Richard, "that we commend his bravery; and that we rejoice at having so potent a protector as the Earl of Albany."

Albany bowed, and soon after left the presence of his sovereign. Variety of occupations pressed on the time of Richard, and he thought no more of Albany's brave boy, till the chance of war again forced him on his notice; and thus it was. Some time previous to the taking of Ascalon, Richard, in an engagement, had been basely deserted by his allies, and, nearly overpowered by numbers, was in great danger of falling himself by the hand of the Infidels. His natural courage surmounted all difficulties in the field; and, with a band of trusty soldiers, he fought his way thro' an host of foes, and gained a position for his army; but he had here the mortification to hear that all had not been so fortunate, for that part of the rear had been made prisoners by the Saracens.

At Ascalon he learned that they were confined in a fortress, deemed impregnable, at no great distance from that city. To release these brave men from captivity, seemed an enterprise worthy of the daring spirit of Richard; who, from the moment he became master of their confinement, took neither of pleasure or repose till he had formed a plan for their enlargement; but, which ever way he looked, he beheld himself beset with difficulties, and surrounded by dangers. He saw his allies, jealous of his power, endeavoring to subvert his authority; and, by taking advantage, of every trifling disagreement, weakened those springs which should have cemented the general cause of Christendom, and have given vigor to the crusade. His greatest enemies were those who assumed the name of friends; and the event proved, that he had more to fear from Petit than from Saladin. But the soul of Richard could not stoop to puerile ills, or imaginary dangers: what he once proposed, he generally performed; and finding that he could place no reliance on foreign aid, he privately summoned the chiefs of his own countrymen to his Council Chamber, and imparted to them his intentions of attacking, with all possible speed, the supposed impregnable fortress of the Saracens. He expatiated on the sufferings of the prisoners, and entreated them to assist him in procuring them their liberty. They caught the enthusiastic ardor of their sovereign, and with one consent vowed to follow him through all attendant dangers; and, if possible, to deliver their christian brethern from the galling yoke of Saracen imprisonment.

Among those who stood foremost to promote this enterprize, was the earl of Albany, whom we have before spoken of. He was a nobleman of high descent, lord of immense possessions, valorous to a proverb, and generous as brave: in short, he was the pride of Knighthood, and the soul of Honor.

To avoid giving any suspicion of their intended enterprize, they agreed to meet privately the following evening, without the city. This was accomplished, and Lord Albany, attended by Edgar and a chosen body of archers, waited their approach. About midnight they reached the fortress, which they summoned to surrender. The besieged prepared for resistance, and the veteran band for an immediate attack. The former placed their prisoners on the walls, and swore by Alla that the first volley of the assailants should be the signal for the death of their prisoners. This cruel menace created a dreadful pause; for Richard well knew they were capable of performing the most outrageous acts of slaughter. Every heart was burning with indignation; every bosom was riven with horror.

"Follow soldiers," said Richard, "every moment that we linger increases our hazard of victory. The enemy may gain intelligence of our enterprize, and we may fall an easy prey to those we have often vanquished. Already have the fair features of early morning illuminated our banners, and blushed at our delay. Come on, then, for death or liberty, in an instant!"

His body of archers commenced the action with their usual courage and success. The Saracens were thrown into the greatest confusion, and the wounds they had recieved from the English archers inflicted the severest tortures: they turned to revenge their sufferings on their helpless captives; but, in the moment of terror and dismay, fell in promiscuous heaps by each other's sabres. In the midst of this horrible confusion, Albany descried a slight breach in the walls by which he thought they might make themselves masters of the garrison. He departed, unperceived by all but Edgar, who followed him. By this aperture they, with great danger and invincible perseverance, gained the first platform of the fortress. They paused—"We must," said Albany, "make our way to the battlements, and release our comrades. My brave boy, it is death or victory!"

"Lead on, my Lord," said Edgar; "and trust me that Edgar will not disgrace the lessons you have taught him."

"I do not fear you," replied Albany. "But hear me, Edgar [illegible] with cords; we cannot [illegible] them deceived; for the Saracens are on the approach of our scaling ladders in front. Hew down all opposition, and follow me."

A sentinel appeared: he waved his sabre at them: but Lord Albany, with his faulchion, laid him prostrate on the ground. With little further opposition, they gained the battlements. The horrid carnage still reigned; the assailants had applied their ladders; in the confusion the sword of Albany released the prisoners, who, animated by his presence, seized the sabres of their vanquished enemies. The slaughter became general, and Edgar fought by the side of Albany with undaunted resolution. The Saracens fell on all sides; and, to the unspeakable astonishment of the troops below, Edgar appeared in front of the battlements, and displayed the banners of the cross; and Albany shortly received his sovereign at the gates.

No time was to be lost. It was necessary that they should make good their retreat, for fear of surprize. This was happily performed, amidst the joyful acclamations of those whom this heroic exploit had freed from slavery and death; and though many had fallen by the hands of the Saracens, there were yet vast numbers restored to strengthen the army of their gallant leader.

After Richard had reposed a few hours, to recover his fatigue, he summoned Albany to his apartment.—"Welcome, my soldier," said he:—"what reward is adequate to the services you have performed; to the unvaried and vigorous support which you have ever given to our righteous cause? Tax our generosity; and, trust us, you shall not be disappointed."

"My Leige Lord," replied Lord Albany, "I am no needy soldier, fighting under Fortune's banners for precarious favors. More wealth to me would be useless; more power might be dangerous. If I possess the favor of my Prince, my ambition is gratified; if I have promoted his success I have only performed my duty [illegible]

at any time, by my experience, assisted his councils, or stood undismayed by him in the hour of danger, the retrospection of such moments are a sufficient reward. Nor will I tax the bounty of my King, because I have done my duty as a subject!"

"Proud Albany," said Richard; "do we, then possess nothing worthy thy asking for?"

"For myself, my Leige, nothing but the continuance of your favor---But for this brave boy" (pointing to Edgar, who had accompanied him,) "should fate deprive him of my protection, I claim your royal sufferage."

Richard extended his hand to Edgar, who bent his knee; and in that moment he discovered the youthful warrior he had before marked at Ascalon. Lord Albany with all the enthusiasm of friendship, related the atchievements of Edgar; who received with modest silence the praise of the Prince. Richard perceived his embarrassment; and, releasing him from his humble position, exclaimed---"Rise, Sir Edgar, and from this henceforth rank with Ourself a Knight of St. John of Jerusalem." Sir Edgar boved gracefully, received the sword from his sovereign, and soon after retired with Lord Albany.

[To be continued.

POWER OF RELIGION.

An Eastern Apologue.

THE Calif Hussan, son of the great Ali, being at table, one of his slave let fall a plate of boiling rice upon his head. Hussan cast a stern look at the slave, who, trembling, prostrated himself before him, and repeated these words from the sublime Koran:—"Heaven is prepared for those who withold and moderate their rage."

"I am not at all angry," said Hassan, coolly.

"And he who pardons those who have offended him,"—said the slave, continuing the verse.

"I pardon thee," said Hussan.

"And God especially heritheth him who rendereth good for ill," said the slave, still continuing the words of the divine doctrine.

"Rise," said Hussan, presenting his hand; I give thee thy liberty, and four hundred drachmas of silver."

The slave returned a thousand thanks to the virtuous Calif.—"Oh, my prince, (cried he) you imitate the tree abounding with leaves and fruit, which friendly lends its shade, and yields its fruits even to him whose audacious hand hurled stones against it."

MORAL.

THE commencement of a new year is ever regarded by the wise as a season for reflection. The shortness and the worth of time should be frequently recollected, and particularly when so large a portion of it is found to have passed swiftly and insensibly away. It is in time that we do the business relating to this life and the future. It is short and uncertain, considered in itself and in the work assigned to it. Therefore whatever lies before us, that is useful and innocent, should be done with vigor and perseverance. The offices of piety and of benevolence; the improvement of our intellectual and moral nature, and the business of our station or profession in life; making such demands on our time, as to leave us none for waste. But we have enough for duty and for enjoyment, if we know how to improve it. Regarding time as a trust committed to us for important purposes, let us attend to the exhortation of reason and religion. Resolve as much as possible to regain what is lost, and save what is left: You had no time to throw away before; you have peculiar reason to be frugal now. It is increased in worth as contracted in length. Whatever good you intend for yourself or others, do it without delay. Trust not in to-morrow.

SCRAP.—The name of virtue is as serviceable to interest as vice.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

A WISH.

FREED from the world and all its shows,
How sweet I'd pass the day,
Where solitude might sooth my woes,
And wipe my tears away.

Sequester'd in some shady grove,
My soul should taste delight,
I'd meditate on her I love,
Tho' absent from my sight.

Misfortune's darts should ne'er pervade
The mansion where I'd dwell,
For solitude's soft mystic shade,
Would all her darts repel.

I'd hedge my little cottage round
With happiness and peace;
I'd find a balm for ev'ry wound,
And all my woes should cease.

A little flock should be my care,
My solace and delight,
I'd guard their gambols thro' the day,
Their slumbers thro' the night.

The vallies of felicity
Should bound my rural maze,
And on the plains of happiness
My blessing flocks should graze.

Young zephyrs, floating o'er the lawn,
Should bear my sighs away,
And with the refulgence of the dawn,
I'd meet the youth of day.

My sands should settle in content,
My days run out in peace;
I'd banish misery from my tent,
Ambition I'd release.

No guilty lusts, or scornful pride,
Should e'er my bliss destroy,
Sweet innocence should be my guide,
And virtue all my joy.

Thus gently down life's silver stream,
I'd share of transports new
And when my soul left the transient dream,
Would rest with Heav'n in view.

North-Castle, Dec. 27.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

JANUARY.

STERN Winter, riding on the northern blast,
Now sways her iron sceptre o'er the plain;
Dishevell'd Nature, trembling, stands aghast;
The pallid sun puts forth his rays in vain.

The east's unfretted curtains frown to yield,
Selvedg'd with nipping icicles impend;
The boulted snow bestrews the naked field,
The gelid cavern whistles to the wind.

The little brooks that in their channels play'd,
No more are seen to glitter down the steep;
Like the sweet flowers that late their mantles clad,
In snowy wreaths obscur'd, supinely sleep.

The sad historian of sweet summer past,
The famish'd songster on the frozen spray,
Essays to spread his wings upon the blast,
To glean a scanty meal throughout the day.

Ah! who can tell how many a little heart,
Amid the storm, low in the forest sighs;
Sure is the hand divine that can impart
Relief, when Nature her bland stores denies.

Hark! how the tempest through the forest sounds;
The lofty oak asunder down is cast;
The humble hawthorn in her lowly bounds,
With ruffet fruit adorn'd, withstands the blast.

Such is thy state, vain man! believe it true;
Say, what avail thy riches, pomp and shews?
Alas! when life's stern winter knits the brow,
'Tis virtue only, like the thorn, that blows.

O ye, by Fortune's choicest blessings crown'd,
Who know no cares, save what your fondness make;
Who scarcely feel the pulse of Nature bound,
Ah! think on those that Fortune does forsake.

As Heav'n is kind to you, be kind to those
Who friendless mourn, from every comfort barr'd,
Tho' no stern laws this precept do impose,
Yet gen'rous actions find their own reward.

January 4. CLEMENT.

SINGULAR ATTACHMENT.

The following anecdote is extracted from the Rev. Mr. Lyson's "Environs of London."

THE following account of a Canada goose is so extraordinary, that I am aware it would, with difficulty gain credit, was not a whole parish able to vouch for the truth of it. The Canada geese are not fond of a poultry-yard, but are rather of a rambling disposition. One of these birds was observed, however, to attach itself in the strongest and most affectionate manner to the house-dog, would never quit the kennel, except for the purpose of feeding, when it would return again immediately. It always sat by the dog, but never presumed to go into the kennel, except in rainy weather. Whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle, and run at the person she supposed the dog barked at, and try to bite him by the heels. Sometimes, she would endeavor to feed with the dog; but this, the dog, who treated his faithful companion rather with indifference, would not suffer. The bird would not go to roost with the others at night, unless driven by main force, and when in the morning she was turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard-gate, but sit there the whole day in sight of the dog. At last, orders were given that she should be no longer molested, but suffered to accompany the dog as she liked. Being thus left to herself, she ran about with him all night; and what is particularly extraordinary, and can be attested by the whole parish, whenever the dog went out of the yard, and ran into the village, the goose always accompanied him, contriving to keep up with him by the assistance of her wings, and in this way of running and flying, followed him all over the parish. This extraordinary affection of the goose towards the dog, which continued till his death, (two years after it was first observed,) was supposed to have originated from his having accidentally saved her from a fox in the very moment of distress. While the dog was ill, the goose never quitted him day or night, or even to feed; and it was apprehended she would have been starved to death, had not orders been given for a pan of corn to be set every day close to the kennel. At this time, the goose generally sat in the kennel, and would not suffer any one to approach it, except the person who brought the dog's, or her own food. The end of this faithful bird was melancholy; for when the dog died, she would still keep possession of the kennel, and a new house dog being introduced, which in size and color resembled the former, the poor goose was unhappily deceived; and going into the kennel as usual, the new inhabitant seized her by the throat and killed her.

SUPERSTITION.

THE annals of France report, that in 793, there fell out an uncommon scarcity; the ears of corn were all void of substance, and strange preternatural beings were heard in the air, proclaiming themselves to be demons, who had ravaged the harvests, in order to revenge the clergy for the reluctance of the people as to the payment of tythes, which, in consequence of this diabolical interference, were ordered to be regularly discharged. St. Foix, who relates this story, humorously asks, "how the devils came to interest "themselves so warmly in behalf of the priest-"hood?"

ANECDOTE.

IN one of Cowper's letters, lately published by Hayley, is related the following incident:—A poor man begged food at the Hall lately. The cook gave him some vermicelli soup. He ladelled it about some time with the spoon, and then returned it to her, saying—"I am a poor man it is true, and am very hungry, but yet I cannot eat broth with maggots in."

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ON HAPPINESS

O HAPPINESS! celeſtial found!
Sought for ſo oft, ſo rarely found,
Say where is fix'd thy bleſs'd retreat?
Amid the ſplendor of the great?
Ah no! there thouſands ſearch in vain,
Who never to that bliſs attain:
The rural cot, the buſy town?
Alike in each, thou'rt little known.
Doſt thou (for I would gladly know)
Deign to inhabit here below?
Do paths of pleaſure lead the way?
Few, ſurely, then would go aſtray!
Virtue muſt be the only road;
Since to be happy's, to be good;
And angels happier only prove,
Becauſe they're better---and they love.

W.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, January 7, 1804.

The number of deaths in this city for the week ending on Saturday laſt, according to the City Clerk's report, are, adults 24---children 8--- Total 32.

By the laſt mail the executive received diſpatches from New-Orleans, dated the 3d ult. whence it appears that on the 30th Nov. poſſeſſion of Louiſiana was publickly and ſolemnly delivered to France by the commiſſioners of Spain. The Spaniſh troops were of courſe preparing to embark in order to leave the province. Thoſe of the battalion of Melico, it was expected, would depart in a few days from Havanna in a ſloop of war then at New-Orleans.

The American troops it appears, by letters received by the ſame mail, were to leave Fort Adams on the 9th inſt. with the commiſſioners of the U. States for New-Orleans, where they were anxiouſly looked for both by the French commiſſioners and the inhabitants. [Nat. Intell.

At Waltham, (Maſſachuſetts) lately, a young man was unguardedly ſnapping a muſket which he ſuppoſed not loaded, and accidently ſhot a young woman in the head, who immediately expired.

On Thurſday evening laſt week, about 8 o'clock, the houſe occupied by Ebenezer Pratt, of Amherſt, was conſumed with three children in it, a boy of 8, a girl of 5 and another of 4 years old, with every article of furniture. The man was about two miles from home, and the woman at a neighbor's on an evening viſit, when the fire was diſcovered; but it had made ſuch progreſs that it was impoſſible to ſave the lives of the children. It is probable from appearances, that the boy had attempted to ſave himſelf---the children were in bed. The two oldeſt retained conſiderable of the human form, the youngeſt very little. Their remains were taken from the ruins, put into one coffin, and the day after depoſited.

The houſe belonged to General Matoon.

The amendment to the Conſtitution relative to the Election of Preſident and Vice Preſident, has received the ſanction of the Legiſlatures of Maryland, Pennſylvania and North-Carolina.

With infinite regret we communicate to the public an event, the moſt diſtreſſing in its nature, and fatal in its conſequence of any within the compaſs of our recollection;---On Monday laſt Mr. William Thornton and Mr. Francis Conway, met in conſequence of a previous miſunderſtanding, in the neighborhood of this town, and ſorry we are to announce that the event proved fatal to both parties. In the ſame hour on Tueſday laſt, they both departed this life. By their untimely fate two weeping mothers are left to deplore the loſs of two dutiful ſons, their children two affectionate brothers, and ſociety two moſt promiſing citizens.---The ſurviving relations are in a ſituation eaſier to be imagined than deſcribed. We ſincerely regret the frequency of a cuſtom ſo prevalent in our country, and hope the melancholy cataſtrophe here related, will prevent others from endangering their own lives, or embittering the days of their ſurviving relations.

[Fredericksburg (Virg.) paper.

FLORENCE, AUGUST 19.

The following extract we have tranſlated from the Leyden Gazette; it is well calculated to ſhew our countrymen that the pirates of the Mediterranean can be eaſily brought to order.

Admiral Nelſon has bombarded Algiers for ten hours, without intermiſſion: the cauſe and details of this affair are as follows:

An Algerine fleet met an Engliſh frigate near Malta, and ſummoned her to bring to, but after receiving ſeveral broadſides, the frigate eſcaped, and gained the port of Malta. On receiving this information, two Engliſh ſhips of the line, and two frigates ſet ſail without delay in purſuit of the barbarian ſquadron, which they overtook and ſunk ſeven of their veſſels.

On the news of this defeat the Dey of Algiers had all the Engliſh agents thrown into irons, and their property confiſcated. Admiral Nelſon, when informed of this barbarous repriſal, ſtationed himſelf before Algiers, with a ſquadron of ſeven frigates.---The Engliſh Admiral immediately ordered the ſquadron to advance, and in the middle of the night commenced a briſk fire of bombs and heated balls, which ſpread fear and deſolation through the city. The Dey ſent a meſſage to Lord Nelſon, who replied he could give no anſwer for ſeveral hours, during which interval the bombardment continued without interruption, in ſuch a manner as to cauſe the moſt dreadful ravages through the city. Afterwards on a ſecond meſſage from the Dey, with new propoſitions, Lord Nelſon demanded that all the Engliſh agents ſhould be ſet at liberty, and a compleat indemnity be made for the loſſes they had ſuſtained, with the releaſment of all the captives. He exacted beſides the ſum of 500,000 ſequins, with a promiſe that the Dey would never again take either Tuſcany or Neapolitan captives.

APHORISMS.

THERE are a claſs of perſons whom we only allow to have merit, becauſe we are weary of refuſing it. They obtain their reputation, as the poor do alms, by their importunity.

Courage in our manner of thinking is much more rare than what is called bravery: yet in the firſt caſe of danger is only imaginary, and in the other real.

Money, in the hands of the covetous man, reſembles thoſe delicate viands which were formerly ſerved up to the dead.

Who would believe it? a woman without modeſty reſembles the ſun without a cloud—both hurt delicate eyes.

There is a talent, a gift, or an art, of impoſing on others in converſation, independent of ſuperiority of mind or rank. This is ſometimes the effect of a certain natural dignity which inſpires reſpect, or great wiſdom which inſpires reverence. Often, however, it is no other than a vice: pride impoſes on modeſty; the fool will impoſe on the man of wit, provided he be only a man of wit.—Often, again, it is the aſcendency ſome naturally have over others; or the effect of an advantageous figure, air, manner, or tone of voice.

ANECDOTE.

A man being capitally convicted at the Old Bailey, was, as uſual, aſked what he had to ſay why the judgment of death ſhould not paſs againſt him. "Say!" replied he; "why I think the joke has been carried far enough already, and the leſs that is ſaid about it the better---if you pleaſe, ſir, we'll drop the ſubject."

LOTTERY TICKETS,
Sold, Regiſtered, and Examined at the Book Store of
JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

COURT OF HYMEN.

APPROACH, and partake the rich banquet of joy,
Come drink here of tranſport refin'd,
Here pleaſures are furniſh'd which never deſtroy,
But improve and give eaſe to the mind.

MARRIED.

On the 14th Dec. by the Rev. Mr Strebeck, Mr John B. Ebbets, to Miſs Sarah Baxter.

On Thurſday evening the 29th Dec. by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers Mr. John Wyckoff, of Graveſend, (Long-Iſland) to Miſs Lucretia Dover, daughter of Mr. John Dover, Merchant, of this city.

On Saturday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Collier, Mr. George Seaman, to Miſs Sarah Wright, all of this city.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr Strebeck, Mr John H. David, to Miſs Hannah Morgan.

Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, youngeſt brother of the Firſt Conſul of France, was married at Baltimore, on Saturday evening, December 24, to Miſs Elizabeth Patterſon, eldeſt daughter of Mr Wm. Patterſon, merchant, of that city.

In England, Mr. Thomas Duffy, to Miſs Grame, a lady of fortune. The annals of matrimony ſcarce afford a more ſingular inſtance of unwearied attachment than the above. The parties were known to each other in youth, and became mutually enamored, but the unrelenting oppoſition of parents broke off the match. Mr. D. formed another connection, he married, was the father of ſeveral children, and became a widower. His firſt love was again, by correſpondence, renewed, again fruſtrated. By the ſame means he ſought conſolation in the arms of a ſecond wife, his family again increaſed, and he a ſecond time became a widower. His firſt flame ſtill unextinguiſhed, once more renewed and former obſtacles being extinct, after a lapſe of twenty-five years, without ever ſeeing each other in the interval, this couple have at length united.

☞ This number commences the 16th volume of the Museum—our numerous patrons are reſpectfully thanked for the encouragement they have afforded, and are aſſured that our exertions to merit their favor ſhall continue unabated.

*** Thoſe of our Subſcriber who are in arrears for one year, &c will confer a particular favor by ſending the amount of their reſpective accounts to the Printing Office.

The CHARITY SERMON intended to have been preached in Zion's Church, in Mott Street, on Sunday laſt, was, on account of the inclemency of the weather, poſtponed; it may be expected to take place tomorrow afternoon at the ſame place (if fair weather) In the evening ſervice, a few ſelect hymns will be ſung by a ſelect choir, under the directions of the Meſſrs Seymours.

THE ACADEMY No. 417 Pearl Street is now occupied by Samuel Moor, late teacher at Greenwich.---If a ſincere deſire for accompanied with the moſt aſſiduous exertions to promote the beſt intereſts of the riſing generation merits patronage, the ſubſcriber hopes that a generous public will encourage him in the arduous but delightful taſk of leading the tender minds of their children along the flowery paths of Science. The public may reſt aſſured that it ſhall be his higheſt ambition to eſtabliſh the ſeminary a nurſery of virtue, morality and propriety of deportment, and render it worthy the attention of thoſe who are duly ſenſible of the importance of a good education which may place their children above the reach of a treacherous world, and inveſt them with property, of which the moſt adverſe viciſſitudes of fortune cannot deprive them. The room is ſpacious, ſeated from noiſe, and convenient for the accommodation both of young gentlemen and ladies. An evening ſchool is alſo kept for teaching Reading & Writing, with the Mercantile and Mathematical branches. SAML. MOOR.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, the TRAGEDY of

Douglas,

WITH ENTERTAINMENTS.

Young Norval, by the Gentlemen who performed George Barnewell.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE FOREST BOY.

AMONG all the lads of the plough or the fold,
Beft eſteem'd by the ſober and good,
Was Will of the woodlands; and often the old
Would tell of his frolics, for active and bold
Was William, the boy of the wood.

Yet gentle was he, as the breath of the May,
And when ſick and declining was laid
The Woodman his father, young William away
Would go to the foreſt to labor all day,
And perform his hard taſk in his ſtead.

And when his poor father, the foreſter, died,
And his mother was ſad, and alone,
He toil'd from the dawn, and at evening he hied,
In ſtorm or in ſnow, or whate'er might betide,
To ſupply all her wants from the town,

One neighbor they had on the heath, to the weſt,
And no other the cottage was near,
But ſhe would ſend Phœbe, the child ſhe lov'd beſt,
To ſtay with the widow, thus ſad and diſtreſt,
Her hours of dejection to cheer.

As the buds of wild roſes, the cheeks of the maid
Were juſt tinted with youth's lovely hue,
Her form, like the aſpen, wild graces diſplay'd,
And the eyes, over which her luxuriant locks ſtray'd,
As the ſkies of the ſummer were blue!

As the town was a market---and now for ſupplies,
Such as needed her humble abode,
Young William went forth; and his mother with ſighs
Watch'd long at the window, with tears in her eyes,
Till he turn'd through the fields to the road.

The darkneſs came on; and ſhe heard with affright
The wind every moment more high;
She look'd from the door; not a ſtar lent its light,
But the tempeſt redoubled the gloom of the night,
And the rain pour'd in ſheets from the ſky.

The clock in the cottage now mournfully told
The hours, that went heavily on;
'Twas midnight; her ſpirits ſunk hopeleſs and cold,
And it ſeem'd as each blaſt of wind fearfully told,
That long, long, would her William be gone.

Then heart-ſick and cold, to her ſad bed ſhe crept,
Yet firſt made up the fire in the room
To guide his dark ſteps; but ſhe liſten'd and wept,
Or if for a moment, forgetful ſhe ſlept,
Soon ſhe ſtarted!---and thought he was come.

'Twas morn; and the wind with a hoarſe ſullen moan,
Now ſeem'd dying away in the wood,
When the poor wretched mother ſtill drooping, alone,
Behold on the threſhold a figure unknown,
In gorgeous apparel who ſtood.

"Your ſon is a ſoldier," abruptly cried he,
"And a place in our corps has obtain'd;
"Nay, be not caſt down; you perhaps may ſoon ſee
"Your William a captain; he now ſends by me
"The purſe he already has gain'd."

So William entrapp'd, 'twixt perſuaſion and force,
Is embark'd for the iſle of the Weſt;
But he ſeem'd to begin with ill omens his courſe,
And felt recollection, regret, and remorſe,
Continually weigh on his breaſt.

With uſeleſs repentance he eagerly eyed
The coaſt as it faded from view,
And ſaw the green hills, on whoſe northernmoſt ſide
Was his own ſylvan home: and he falter'd and cried,
"Adieu! ah! forever adieu!

"Who now, my poor mother, thy life ſhall ſuſtain,
"Since thy ſon has thus left thee forlorn?
"Ah! canſt thou forgive me! And not in the pain
"Of this cruel deſertion, of William complain,
"And lament that he ever was born?

"Sweet Phœbe!---if ever thy lover was dear,
"Now forſake not the cottage of woe;
"But comfort my mother, and quiet her fear,
"And help her to dry up the vain-fruitleſs tear
"That too long for my abſence will flow.

"Yet what if my Phœbe another ſhould wed,
"And lament her loſt William no more?"
The thought was too cruel; and anguiſh now ſped
The dart of diſeaſe---with the brave numerous dead
He was fallen on the plague-tainted ſhore,

In the lone village church-yard, the chancel-wall near,
High graſs now waves over the ſpot,
Where the mother of William, unable to bear
His loſs who to her widow'd heart was ſo dear,
Left both him and her ſorrows forgot?

By the brook, where it winds through the wood of Arbeal;
Or amid the deep foreſt to moan,
The poor wandering Phœbe will ſilently ſteal;
The pain of her boſom no ſeaſon can heal,
And ſhe loves to indulge it alone,

Her ſenſes are injured; her eyes dim with tears;
She ſits by the river and weaves
Red garlands, againſt her dear William appears,
Then breathleſsly liſtens, and fancies ſhe hears
His ſtep in the half-wither'd leaves.

Ah! ſuch are the miſeries to which ye give birth;
Ye Stateſmen! ne'er dreading a tear;
Who, from pictured ſaloon, or the bright ſculptur'd hearth
Diſperſe deſolation and death through the earth,
When ye let looſe the deamons of war.

JAMES THORBURN,

No 26 Maiden-Lane, corner of Green-ſtreet, returns his thanks to his friends and the public for the liberal encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favors. He has received per the ſhips Juno and Diligence from Amſterdam, a large and elegant aſſortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. viz.

Clothes Baſkets of different ſizes,
Wine Glaſs Baſkets, round and oval,
Handſome Toilet Baſkets,
Large and ſmall Trunk do.
Handſome Market do.
Ladies fine Knitting Baſkets, different ſizes,
Handſome Children's do. do. patterns,
do. Bread do.
do. Counter do.
do. Tumbler do. different ſizes,
do. Knife do. do. do.
Eaſt India, Dunſtable and Holland Table Mats,

Together with a large aſſortment of Tubs, Pails Coolers, &c. alſo Common Baſkets different kinds. Dec. 24.

APROPOS!

FREDERICK WM. DANNENBERG, No. 53 Maiden-Lane, reſpectfully informs the ladies and gentlemen of N. York, and its environs, that he has opened a very general aſſortment of TOYS, jointed Dolls, elegantly dreſſed, of all ſizes, and a great variety of other fancy articles, intended to amuſe and inſtruct the rising generation. Dec. 24.

NEW NOVEL,

This day publiſhed by BURNTON and DARLING, No. 116 Broadway, oppoſite the City Hotel; ZAIDA or the DETHRONEMENT of MUHAMMED IV; a novel founded on hiſtoric facts, tranſlated from the German of Auguſtus Von Kotzebue, never before publiſhed in the Engliſh language; to which is added an hiſtoric drama called the BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN, by the ſame author.

WITHOUT SEAM.

PATENT FLOOR-CLOTH MANUFACTORY

JOHN HARMER, takes this opportunity to inform the public, that he ſtill continues carrying on the above buſineſs: and that he has procured a quantity of STOUT CANVAS manufactured for the expreſs purpoſe, from one to ſeven yards in width, together with other improvements, which will enable him to carry on the buſineſs on a more extenſive and perfect plan than he has heretofore had it in his power to do; and is now able to ſerve his cuſtomers with this kind of FLOOR-CLOTHS to any plan or dimenſions, equal in quality and elegance of figure to any imported, and in a much ſhorter time and cheaper rate.

N. B. Thoſe ladies and gentlemen, who wiſh to be ſupplied with the above articles for the approaching ſummer, will do well to forward their orders ſoon, that the Cloth may be immediately executed, to be ready in the ſpring, as ſome time is neceſſary for ſeaſoning.

☞ Orders left at Oſborn and Van Noſtrand's, No. 7 Beekman-Slip, New-York, or at the Factory, in Brooklyn Long-Iſland, will be aſſiduouſly attended to. Dec. 17

M. NASH'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY,
No. 79 BEEKMAN STREET.

LATELY added to this Library, the Encyclopædia Brittanica, with the ſupplement, 20 vols. 4to. The Preceptor, containing a ſyſtem of education, 2 vols. 8vo. Hayley's Life of Cowper, N. Y. edition, 2 vols. in 1. 8vo. Berkeley's Minute Philoſopher, 8vo. Hull's tales in Poetry, 8vo. Bunn's Poems, 8vo. Britiſh Theatre, 34 vols. Butler's Hudibras, 12mo. Together with ſeveral other valuable publications, and a variety of the moſt eſteemed Novels, Romances and Plays. The terms for Subſcribers and readers by the ſingle volume, may be known by enquiring at the Library between the hours of 6 and 9 in the evening. Dec. 17.

ALMANACS,

For ſale (wholeſale and retail) at No. 3 Peck-Slip.

For the Uſe of the Fair Sex.

THE GENUINE FRENCH ALMOND PASTE,

Superior to any thing in the world, for cleaning, whitening and ſoftening the ſkin, remarkably good for chopped hands, to which it gives a moſt exquiſite delicacy---this article is ſo well known it requires no further comment.

Imported and ſold by F. DUBOIS, perfumer, No. 81 William-ſtreet, New-York.

Likewiſe to be had at his Perfumery Store, a complete aſſortment of every article in his line, ſuch as, Pomatums of all ſorts, common and ſcented Hair Powder, a variety of the beſt Soaps and Waſh Balls, Eſſences and Scented Waters, Rouge and Rouge Tablets, Pearl and Face Powder, Almond Powder, Cold Cream, Cream of Napics, Lotion, Milk of Roſes, Aſiatic Balſam for the Hair, Grecian Oil, Greenough Tincture for the Teeth, Artificial Flowers and Wreaths, Plumes and Feathers, Silk and Kid Gloves, Violet and Vanilla Segars, Ladies Work Boxes, Wigs and Friezes, Perfume Cabinets, Razors and Razor Strops of the beſt kind, handſome Dreſſing Caſes for Ladies and Gentlemen complete, Tortoiſe ſhell and Ivory Combs, Swanſdown and Silk Puffs, Pinching and Curling Irons, &c. June 25

LIQUID BLACKING.

TICE'S improved ſhining liquid blacking for boots, ſhoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is univerſally allowed the beſt ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it ſoft, ſmooth and beautiful to the laſt, and never ſoils. Black morocco that has loſt its luſtre is reſtored equal to new by the uſe of this blacking. Sold wholeſale, retail and for exportation, by J. Tice at his perfumery ſtore, No. 118 William ſtreet, and by G. Camp, No. 143 Pearl ſtreet, where all orders will be thankfully received and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be ſigned J. Tice, in writing, without which they are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewiſe for ſale, a general aſſortment of perfumery of the firſt quality. Dec. 17.

MISS SULLIVAN

Reſpectfully informs her friends and the public, that ſhe has opened a DAY AND EVENING SCHOOL, in Cherry-Street No. 99, a few doors from the New-Slip, for the reception of Young Ladies. She flatters herſelf, by her attention to the intellects and improvement of thoſe who may be intruſted to her care, to merit a liberal ſhare of encouragement. Thoſe Ladies who would wiſh to be completed in writing, by applying to Miſs Sullivan will be taught that art in a few leſſons only; and ſuch as cannot make it convenient to come to her School, ſhe will if required, attend them at their houſes.

N B. Cards of the terms may be had at No. 63 Cherry Street, or at her School. Dec. 3, tf.

Eruptions and Humors on the Face and Skin,
particularly
Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Ringworms, Tan, Sun-burns, Shingles, Scorbutic and Cutaneous Eruptions of every deſcription, Prickley Heat, Redneſs of the Noſe, Neck, Arms, &c. &c.

Are effectually and ſpeedily cured by
Dr. Church's Genuine Vegetable LOTION.

THIS LOTION is excelled by no other in the world. It has been adminiſtered by the proprietor for ſeveral years in Europe and America with the greateſt ſucceſs. By the ſimple application of this fluid, night and morning, it will remove the moſt rancorous and alarming ſcurvy in the face. It is perfectly ſafe, yet powerful, and poſſeſſes all the good qualities of the moſt celebrated coſmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended as a certain and efficatious remedy, and a valuable and almoſt indiſpenſable appendage to the toilet, infinitely ſuperior to the common traſh---Cream drawn from Violets and Milk from Roſes! Suffice it however to ſay, it has been adminiſtered to many thouſands in the United States and W. Indies with the greateſt and moſt unparalleled ſucceſs, and without even a ſingle complaint of its inefficacy. A ſmall bottle at 75 cents will be found ſufficient to prove its value.

Price 75 cents.

☞ Prepared and ſold at Church's Diſpenſary, No. 137 Front-ſtreet, near the Fly-Market, N. York. Dec. 3.

M. WATSON,

No. 18 Dey ſtreet, has juſt opened an elegant aſſortment of CHILDBED LINEN, gentlemen's embroidered Shirts, Cravats, and Shirt Handkerchiefs, &c. alſo, Sheets, Towels, &c. &c. Nov. 19.

NEW-YORK,
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
BY JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.
One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.